



Tribune Centennial Photo.

BIRTH OF AN ADAGE

Daily Bread Simple Today; Different in Thrasher Era

From grain field to breadbox, untouched by human hands and moving at a smart clip all the time—that's how it's done nowadays.

But hark back to a grand old way of getting cereal crops ready for market, the eventful, bustling days heralded by the excited announcement:

"Oh, Pa, the thrashers are here!" The great cleated wheels of the smoking steam engine would roll to a stop at the gate and from some place on the hulking bulk of folded machinery the thrasher boss would shout, "Where shall we put 'er?"

The hustle and bustle, and a goodly share of the hard work, actually started days in advance when the womenfolk busied themselves over hot wood or coal burning ranges getting a running start in the battle to satiate limitless appetites of men who had a right to "eat like thrashers."

When the apparatus had been set up where that year's new straw stack was to be located the race against seasons and weather would begin. They were really fast but the amount of hard manual labor required to keep up with the power of the machines must have made them seem veritable speed devils.

Frequently the monster had a whistle, too, and great was the

joy of boy or girl privileged to make it scream to the accompaniment of groaning gears, squeaking wheels and the flapping and slapping of the wide leather power belt. Today's picture was contributed by William Todd, 4086 S. Redwood rd.

The picture submitted by Sidney T. Taylor, 1443-10th East, and appearing in last Friday's issue of The Tribune took the weekly honors in the Centennial photo contest.

A butcher shop, 1889 style, with whole pigs prominently displayed, was the subject of the winning photograph. Judges were Mrs. Edna Eveleigh, stenographer at Western Union Telegraph Co.; M. McMullin, salesclerk at Wolfe's Department store; Donald S. Hughes, salesclerk at Adam Hat store; Ivor J. Price, bus driver for Salt Lake City Lines, and Gertrude C. Papworth, service representative for Mountain States Telegraphphone and Telegraph Co.



The Later Thresher

The gala event of farm life was "The threshers are coming." The best cooking of meats, chickens, and good things to eat were prepared days ahead, and friends and neighbors, and "young-uns" were all on deck ready to eat and "jubilate." The Irish have their "wakes"; the Germans their "hop-picking"; the Jews their "christening"; but the Sanpeter had the "thrashers".

Many years later when tractors came into use the power-driven thresher came to the big wheat or oats stack to convert the long bundles into straw and kernels of golden grain. The process of threshing was the same, except the great cleated wheels of the smoking steam engine to the accompaniment of groaning gears, squeaking wheels, the flapping and slapping of the long wide leather power belt, made eventful the grand old way of getting cereal crops for use and market. It was a tremendous happening, and yet the same eclat, "the threshers are here!"

"PEPETUAL MOTION"—MODERN BALL BEARINGS

At Christenburg a few miles north on the San Pitch River, Martin Peterson placed a Homestead Entry. He built shacks along the canal Dad had constructed from the Gunnison Reservoir to take water to his Antelope Ranch.

Peterson manipulated waterfalls and various contraptions to test his invention "perpetual motion" theory. This device he added to wheels to obviate friction which later came to be known as the ball bearing. Peterson was trained in Copenhagen and after years of patient trial's

and failures was dubbed "Perpetual Motion Peterson", but he was insistent that wheels could be set in motion with his device and could without friction, or getting hot, operate and propell weights smoothly and could continue endlessly in motion.

Peterson was so insistent and so sure that his invention would work that he induced Dad to provide the means of his going to Washington, D. C. to patent his discovery. He remained in Washington D.C. for a few years but his "perpetual motion" was taken over by crafty manipulators and became modern ball bearings in wheel locomotion.

EARLY POLITICAL PARADES

Glorious were those early days of political rallies, torchlight processions, and barbecues, with Bowery celebrations. Dad never lacked the tremendous knack of piloting everybody into the best self-expression and usefulness. The band played while the good folk sang and routed for the candidate and in those days that candidate was elected. When it was propitious a new party came into being, and Theodore Roosevelt, the greatest leader of all time in Republican prowess, came to the White House. Before Teddy's election, a large Bowery was built, and all the people came together. A flagpole was raised midst the firing of "crackers" and band music; cheers were given; popular songs were sung; and later the barbecue of beef and mutton was handed out, with the ice floating in colored lemonade and fresh cider from Christenburg.